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FRIDAY, JULY 5, 1918

JUNE 23, 1918

It may be that when the summer of 1918 recedes into the perspective of history, we shall realise that its turning-point was the third week in June and its great day the memorable. Sunday when the news was flashed over the wires to the waiting capitals that the majestically planned Austrian offensive had turned into a ringing Italian victory. The tidings went forth from Rome in one of the briefest, most vivid, most electric communiqués of the war:

'From the Montello to the sea the Austrians, defeated and closely pursued by our brave troops, are retreating across the Piave.'

Such a blow, measured now by Austeian Such as in France, thereby disproving the first part of this assertion. It is disproving the first part of this assertion. It is disproving the first part of this assertion. It is disproving the first part of this assertion. It is disproving the first part of this assertion. It is disproving the first part of this assertion. It is disproved that section part of this assertion. It is disproved that section part of this assertion. It is disproved the first part of this assertion. It is disproving the first part of this assertion. It is disproved that one with ships—ships—ships.

Yesterday's launchings were but a beginning. Their government is that our ships white ships—shi

sinking of the heart we should have read the news that the Austrian plan had earried, a plan that contemplated the capture and humiliation of Venice, the seizure of the northern end of the peninsula and all its rich food stores, the striking of Italy from the ranks of the Allies.

The victory of June 23 seems all the greater because the outcome of the Austrian offensive was watched by minds filled with anxious memories of Caporetto. It was a victory which restored with a vengeance the prestige of Italian arms. Whatever may be the place of the Battle of the Piave in world history, its place in Italian chromicles is sure. As England recalls the wreek of the Spanish Armada like the passing of a nightmare, as we look in the passing of a nightmare, as we look in the properties of the conclusion that, cost what it mough. They know how essential are guns, and the things they are going to yote a smashing amount of their money to get them. We are going to get them. We are going to get them. We are going to get them the mount of the Third and greatest Liberty Loan.

The American people have not sponsor such a Bill in a spirit of brag. There is no bluff about it. Coolly they have come to the conclusion that, cost what it mough. They know how essential are guns, and the things they carry, to seeing it through. Therefore, they are going to yote a smashing amount of their money to guns and the stuff that's shot from them—

Guns, guns, guns! The nation is going to get them. We are going to get them the mount of the mount of the properties of the conclusion that, cost what it may be the place of the Austrian offensive was watched by minds filled with anxious memories of Caporetto.

Guns, guns, guns! The nation is going to get them, we are going to get them the mount of th like the passing of a nightmare, as we look back at Gettysburg, as France remembers and always will remember the Battle of the Marne, so through the ages will Italy mark red in her calendar the 23rd of June, 1918.

SAM BROWNE

Recently it was rather pointedly suggested in these columns that the enlisted man would be much less bewildered and the outward symbols of discipline be much clarified, if the Sam Browne belt were restricted to those entitled to the salute— the commissioned officers of the Army.

This suggestion, while it has met with

This suggestion, while it has met with some criticism from individuals whom it would deprive of the coveted adornment, has been loudly applauded in the Army. We are therefore encouraged to repeat it, pointing out that we make it in the interests of the private, to serve whom, when you come to think of it, all other ranks are created, and to whom, from first to last this newspaper is dedicated. to last, this newspaper is dedicated.

THE SINS OF THE SOLDIER

Cowardice, selfishness, stinginess, bragging-these are the four cardinal sins of the soldier, the four most to be avoided, the four unforgivable failings, according to the results of a questionnaire recently held by a certain self-appointed investi-

They came in from the men of the A. E.F. in just that order—just as we might have known all along that they would; for what man, in the Army particularly, has any use for a coward, a tightwad, a hard-boiled egg or a blowchard? But the investigator evidently thought

THEIR CHANCE WILL COME

An enlisted man in the Air Service, piqued by the fact that none but com-missioned officers and cadets are allowed to fly, surreptitiously took an airplane the other day and made a successful two hour other day and made a successful two hour flight. He is one of thousands of enlisted men in the Air Service who are intensely cager to get into the flying end of the air game. He acted while the others merely

This enlisted man is in the guard house now. It is where he ought to be. We admire his nerve, his daring, his willingness to increase his own personal hazards for the sake of his country, but—

He violated an order. His motive does

Type of the dearers he low on the failure, where the heavens he low on the failure, and the failure and the f

not mitigate the offense.

After the United States entered the war, the Army recruited a certain number of men to train as aviators. These Hills, our Ozarks, or our Sierra Nevada

The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces; authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F.

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Piave.

Such a blow, measured now by Austrian losses estimated at 150,000, is a blow struck for us all, one felt as fully in Benlin as in Vienna, in Flanders as in the Venetian plain. To appreciate its force, you have only to conjure up with what a sinking of the heart we should have read the news that the Austrian plain had carbon the news that the Austrian plain had carbon the sinking of the sheart we should have read to this provides for an expenditure of \$5,435,000,000—more than the amount raised during the campaign for the Third.

on have more, ample for an inture needs, enough to replace any and all losses.

Our people have decreed that we are to have them. Our people will see to it that we get them. And when we get them, it will be up to us to see that those guns earry the message that our people intend they shall convey—the death of Kaiserism.

MEN

Speaking in Edinburgh on May 24, Joyd George said:— "Both for the Germans and for us the

coming weeks will see a race between Hindenburg and President Wilson, and the enemy is making an extreme effort to reach the post before the Allies can benefit by America's aid."

Just one month later, on the same day that brought the news of more than 800,000 American soldiers in France, Lloyd George gave tidings of that race in the House of Commons.

"The organization which has enabled us since March 21 to send to France a considerable number of American troops of first rate fighting value has accomplished a surprising feat." he said. "It is impossible to state the exact number of soldiers. All that I can say is that it is sufficient to encourage our Allies and bring about the final defeat of our enemies."

It is the substance of this speech, the substance of all the recent atterances in the Allied capitals, that Germany, rein-forced by the divisions she was enabled to withdray from the Russian front, is striv-But the investigator evidently thought otherwise, thought that other (perhaps unprintable) sins would have popped up to the fore. The answers surprised me, he excelained. They weren't the answers if expected. Not the answers he expected? Didn't have been his if every one of that 800,000 in France.

he exclaimed. They were the expected? Didn't he know his A.E.F.? Didn't he know his A.E.F.? Didn't he know his American contemporaries? Didn't he know the spirit of the soldier of every Christian nation? In the words of the Sage of the Stockyards. "What and the ball did he expect?" ples of the world.

THE SECOND SUMMER

It was summer when the first of us came to France. And all through the round of the seasons we have kept coming, some of us in a fair lingering fall, some in a tolerably hard winter, some in a tardy spring And now comes the second summer, and the cycle of the year is complete. "And we came to the Bounteous isles

where the heavens lie low on the lands.

Yes, of course, in America. But in the days to be, when old familiar scenes greet us once more, when we return to find unchanged our own Berkshires, our Pocono were selected after extremely rigid physical and psychological tests. They are flect, with full heart, that, for her ideals, picked soldiers drawn from civilian life, fog her people, for her very trees and the only field which the Army then had rocks and soil, la France has won his love!

The Army's Poets

A PRAYER FROM THE RANKS (France, January, 1918)

In the gently swaying tree-top there
A withered leaf still clings.
And, venturous harbinger of spring,
A lone little songbird swings;
Yet why are the young men seen no more,
And why do the women wear black?
Ask of that distant muttering roar
Which the hilliops echo back.

Maker of Earth! Can They children be blamed If they fling up their question to Thee. When the husbandman sleeps' neath the soil he should till. Why should tillings as these must be? Yet by we have come o'er a long, weary way To slay with the sword and he slain. Man's feet to restore to the pathwest of peace, Though we never tread them again.

Grant us this prayer: that the foll that we pay Shall not have been levied in vain: That when it is sheathed, the sword of the world May never zee sunlight again. When the roses shall climb o'er the crumbling Ironeh guns are all silenced in rust. May Wher find a grave where wene shall disturb Through the ages his morblering dust!

rench di the guns are all silenced in rust, War find a grave where none shall disturb rough the ages his mouldering dust! John Fletcher Hall, Sgt., Co. A., — Inf.

TRENCH POEMS II.—Trench Mud

We have heard of Texas gumbo And the mud in the Philippires. Where, if we had legs like Jumbo, The mud would cover our jeans. But never did we get a chance. To feel real mud till we hit France.

Our shoes are deep in it We often sleep in it, We almost weep in it— It's everywhere; We have to fight in it. And vent our spite in it, We look a sight in it, But we don't care!

The mud that lies in No Man's Land Is as thick on the other side. And where the Germans make their stand Is where we'll nake them slide. For our hob-nalled shoes will force a way. And we'll knock them cold—for the U.S.A.

Though we must cat in it, Wash our feet in it. Try to look neat in it. Try to look neat in it. This mud and slime; Though we get sore in it. Grumble and roar in it. We'll win the war in it. In our good time!

Italy

I the solution of their money to you as saashing amount of their money to you as saashing amount of their money to get them. We are going to get them behind us, to blaze the way for us. The behind us, to blaze the way for us. The lim is going to get them. We are going to get them behind us, to blaze the way for us. The lank was there come an ond, and the limits the least. We have more, ample for all future needs, enough to replace any and all losses.

Our people have not spond to see this thing through. Therefore, they are going to yot a smashing amount of their money to yot a smashing amount of their money to get them. We are going to get them behind us, to blaze the way for us. The lank limits going to get them behind us, to blaze the way for us. The lank limits going to get them behind us to blaze the way for us. The lank was there comes an ond, and pFacE under the heat of the more, ample for all future needs, enough to replace any and all losses.

Our people have decreed that we are to have them. Our people will see to 's' we get them. And when will be up to "ears".

And—WAIT!—I in not through very very very in want a SIRLOIN STEAK—you BET.

I want a SIRLOIN STEAK—you BET.

With hash-browned SPUDS—now, LISTEN friend.

I've got the CASH—you may depend—Right HERE it is—let's see, I'll try—Oh, better a piece of hot MINGE PIE And ALL this stuff that's printed here;

My appetite is HUGE, I fear."

My appetite is HeGE, I tear.

Then, when he's filled my Costive board With all these eats, I'll thank the Loyd, the second of the second than the Loyd, and then I'll take the corned heef STEW. And then I'll take the corned heef COLD. The corned beef PLE and corned heef COLD. The corned beef CAN I'll then take held And RAM the whole WORKS into it And say! "NOW, damn you, THERE you'll sit You've hauned every DREAM I've had-you'don't know what shame IS, cand! Now SIT there, No-See how you FEEL,—And watch me eat a REG'LAR meal!"

THE N.A. MAN

We didn't volunteer, But, God knows, it wasn't fear; We were those who long before Formed the mass that hated war.

It took the Hun of Potsdam Now we're in it to the finish. And the finish will be good.

We didn't volunteer. But, God knows, it wasn't fear; We'd have gone in later, anyhow-Well, anyhow, we're here!

We hate those Huns, the Germans, For all the things they've done, And of the things we hate them for, Our being here is one.

We didn't volunteer, But, God knows, it wasn't fear; The flag we carry won't be furled Till Uncle Sam un-Huns the world!

DO YOU KNOW THIS GUY?

On hours at sound of reveille,
Straight through till taps is blown,
"Gimme, lemme take yer razor,"
"Have you got a sou to loan?"
Or maybe, "Gosh, I lost my towel,
Lemme take yours, will you, Bill's"
"Have you got some extra "Sunkums"?"
"I wanna wet me gill."

All through the day it's e'er the same, Week in, week out, "Sav, Bo, I'm just a few francs shy today, Wot's chances for a throw? You know me, Al, me woid's me bond I've never stuck a pal, But I simply gotta keep that date, Or hunt another gal."

"Have you got an extra undershirt?
The Major's gonna see
What makes the men so nervous like,
And scratch so frequently."
'I'ri gonna promenade ce soir,
Lemme take yer now puttees,
Aw, mine's been muddy for a week,
Loose up, yuh tight of cheese."

"I don't know where me money goes, It takes the prize for speed. The next day after we've been build. Can't buy a punk French weed. Next month I'll larve to slacken up. Or jump into the lake". But I'll! that old ghost walks agan, It's gimme, lemme take! Pvt. Frank Eisenberg, - Tel. Bu.

SPRING

It's Spring at home; I know the signs— The buds are bursting on the vines, The birds speed high with happier wings, The heart of youth is glad, and sings.

The neart of youth is 5-m. which will be signs—
The mass of reserves behind the lines;
The heart of youth burgeons once more
To manhood, and resurgent war!

F.M.H.D. F.A.

ONLY **SMOKE**



THE SALUTE AGAIN

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

The Editor of THE STAIRS AND STRIPESS—
With reference to pour recent officient incarding American service uniforms and the
simiting of officers. I wish to give you the
leaded of my presonal observations and exprevioures. Within my help to no give you the
leaded of my presonal observations and exprevioures. Within my help to no give you the
leaded of my presonal observations and exprevioures. Within my help to no give you the
leaded of my presonal observations and exprevioures. Within my help to no give you
have seen as a consequence of the control of the control
Almel six weeks ago I was approached by
a note-commissioned officer in a Parish Metro,
and show every promitted to week admitted to the control
and officer for wearing a Stan Browne belt,
when asked me if I is know some way in whele
commissioned officers with the superfore officers.
It is a spirit add to the transtion of the control of the control
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To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I want to write to a young lady friend in America. Is it better for a soldier to write military style, like this:

From: William Hunter, Private.

To: Miss Katie Cullin.

Subject: Regards.

1. Attention is called to the fact that since my arrival in France my feelings have underwent no change. I am still yours.

2. Answer, by indorsement, at once, if my photo is still on your bureau.

3. I hope George Goldish is drafted.

William Hunter, Private.

A reply in your paper will help many of us.

A rouly in your pa

Iff you really have serious intentions, don't. The military method of correspondence is fine form and all that, but our feeling is that they would not appreciate its merits. In all matters of the heart, the ancient free and easy—or matural—style still remains the best and most effective—Epiron.]

FOR A SOLDIER'S DAY

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—
It was with great pleasure that I followed closely the program of the wonderful movement set on foot by your paper and the leautiful sentiment expressed thereby in having every soldier write home to his mother on Mother's Day. I want to say right here that I not only did that little stunt, but with me it was a Father's Day, a Sister's Day, and a Brother's Day, and they all went off with those magic words, "Mother's Letter," in the upper right-hand corner.

But how about the mail of us guys over here? How about starting a Soldier's Day back in the States, and having all the folks write us once in a while? Great stress is laid upon the fact that it conduces to the peace

write us once in a while? Great stress is laid the same applies to the peace of mind of the folks at home to receive letters. Will anybody deny that the same applies to us fellows, even thought we are S.O.S.?

I have not had any mail since Hector had the same applies to us forgotten; so won't you please help us to remind-the powers that be that we too are over here?

Secretaries of U.S.A. Base Hospital.

pups, and my peace of mind is just like the American Army—there ain't no peace, it's on the warpath. I know that my folks at home

in, even the advertisements furnishing enjoyment.

There is another phuse of the question, to me, at least. It seems as if the city in which I live is writing me a personal letter through the medium of the newspaper. What do we care for the war news? It is the little personal notes, bringing to mind people or places that one's parents or friends might not know of or mention. It helps to bring close the atmosphere of home and forms a bond with home nearly as strong as that formed by home letters.

So I am, I believe, voicing the sentiments of many men when I say. "Rather the papers than the packages." I know that at least 50 of fmy associates agree with me, for we discussed the question.

Pvt. Peter M. Walsh, F.A.

CONSIDER THE LADIES

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: In the June 7 issue of THE STARS AND STRIPES is a letter from an Army Field Clerk decidedly apropos.

Will you please ask the JAG to consider

Clerk decidedly appropos.

Will you please ask the J.A.G. to consider the secretaries of the A.E.F. hospitals and offices also for the Service Stripe? As the nurses are to have them, why not the secretaries? Why make a distinction between those who live and work together, under the same conditions, because one takes the path to the wards while the other takes the path to the wards while the other takes the path to the offices? Those who have the grit necessary to stick to "paper work" when they are so many more interesting ways open of serving their country, are surely deserving of the visible thanks of the Government—the Service Stripe.

The Chief Surgeon says the women secretaries of the A.E.F. have the same status as "nurses, but somehow, as in this instance, they are apt to be forgotten; so won't you please lich us to remiffed the powers that be that we too, are over here?

Secretaries of U.S.A. Base Hospital.—

PROMOTION

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES :-

MYTHICAL CHEVRONS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES :-Will you kindly print in the columns of your paper information as listed in questions below regarding the wearing of the silver or white chevrons with star by members of the .L.E.F. in the Zone of Advance.

1. What does the wearing of the chevron signife?

What does the wearing of the chevron signify?
 What does the wearing of chevron with star signify?
 A description of both star and chevron.
 Is there a gold star worn with gold chevron, and if so what does it signify?
 Is there an official order in the A.E.F. authorizing the wearing of silver chevron and star?

C. A. BUETTNER, Pvt., 1st Cl., D.G.T.

[No silver or white chevron is authorized for anyone in the A.E.F. The much-disputed question of the star was answered in the last issue of this newspaper. The answer to each of your five questions is, therefore, that there will no such animal.—Edvron.]

ONE INSERTION ONLY to the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES :-

I am anxious to find out the way to figure the gender of French nouns. In other words, I want to know, whenever I see a noun desig-nated as neuter in English, how to find out what it is going to register on a French sex-Young Philadelphia Gentleman.

[We decline to bite.—Epiron.]